McKean County Miner.

State Library July07

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ANOTHER ITALIAN HOLDUP.

P. S. & N. Track Walker Held Up in Broad Daylight.

STRIPPED OF WEARING APPAREL

And a Thorough Search of the Victim Was Made But No Money Obtained—The Italian Is a Much Scared Man and Fears for His Life—It Happened on Sunday Last.

Gienli Sabatinelli, an Italian, employed as a track walker on the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad between Smethport and Farmers Valley, was held up at a point near Farmers Valley Sunday by a masked Italian, supposed to be a member of the nefarious "Black Hand," whose depredations have been numerous in McKean county of late.

The story of the holdup is about as follows: Sabatinelli was on his way to Farmers Valley lighting the switch lights along the track and doing other necessary duties when at the point above mentioned he was accosted by an Italian whose face was mostly covered by a handkerchief, and at the point of a revolver he was demanded to drop the spike mall and wrench he was carrying and when he had done so the bandit began his search for money. The weather was bitter cold but this did not deter the latter of stripping his victim of his coat, vest and trousers and a thorough search of these garments being made.

Finding no money he then asked the track walker when pay day was and was told the 20th of the month. With this information he then pointed to a hollow tree nearby and said, "If you don't place $50 in that hollow tree on the 20th you will be a dead man." He then disappeared and the track walker, very much scared, donned his clothes and hurried back to Smethport. Sabatinelli had $40 sewed up in the lining of his vest which the robber overlooked.

Monday morning the fellow told of his experience to the station agent and was determined to quit his job and leave this vicinity, but with the promise that something would be done and that he would be protected he consented to stay in the railroad company's employ, but since Sunday he has not gone over the line without being accompanied by two or three other men.

No clue as to who the attempted robber was has been obtained other than a search at the spot where the attempt was made, which revealed the handkerchief and a suit of clothes, and with these articles to go by the authorities are making a still hunt for the perpetrator and it is to hoped he can be brought to justice and made an example of, for there are certainly too many of these hold-ups occurring in this county and who can tell when other persons besides Italians will be the victims.

Who Will Take It?

The Smethport Hose Company recently received a communication from the North East fire department to the effect that they would be unable to entertain the thirteenth annual convention of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association this year as they had intended. It is up to the officers and executive committee of the association to endeavor to get some other town to entertain them, but to the writer it looks as if that will be an impossibility. It may be that some town will extend an invitation to the firemen to hold their reunion in it, but to the more sanguine it looks as if the Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association will have to give up the ghost.

Thirteen years ago this summer this organization came into being with a membership scattered in several of the counties in this section of the state and for a number of years these reunions were successful affairs, but for the last few years the interest has been on the wane, until last August when the association met in this place. Plans had been made for a big crowd and a bigger time, but nearly everybody well remembers what a farce it turned out to be, and had it not been for the firemen from Kane, Johnsonburg, Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett there would have been nothing to it.

There are a number of reasons for this lack of interest, but the principal one seems to be that since the volunteer fire departments in such towns as Bradford, Corry, Warren and Meadville, the larger towns in this association, have been replaced by paid departments, a large membership has fallen off, and as these places were the best for entertaining the firemen do not attend the conventions as in the years gone by. Therefore, it is hardly probable that the convention of 1907 will be a reality.

Hand painted postal and Easter cards at Hegarth's.

Criminal Court Proceedings.

Although it was thought that last week's session of criminal court would be a light one it took the entire week to try all the cases and an evening session was necessary on Friday.

When the MINER went to press last Thursday the case of Commonwealth vs. J. A. McFarland, charged with attempting to defraud a creditor, was on trial. After the evidence had been given to the jury Judge Bouton directed that body to acquit the defendant.

In the case of the Com. vs. Melissa Price, indicted for jumping a board bill, the defendant was found not guilty and the costs were placed upon the defendant.

Jack O'Brien and Tom Welch, Bradford young men, charged with stealing $19.80 from a Miss Hill of Bradford, also found not guilty.

W. S. Stedley, the East Smethport "moonshiner," who was charged with selling liquor as a "cough, cold and consumption cure," was given a hearing Friday and found guilty. It was found that Mr. Stedley had a small distillery which he used in the manufacture of his so-called cure. Upon a clemency recommendation from the jury the judge only gave him three months in jail, together with $50 fine and costs of prosecution.

Fred Smith and John Donovan, charged with vagrancy, pleaded guilty. Sentence was suspended on condition that the prisoners get out of the county at once and stay out.

Mike Spadaford, charged with kissing a Clermont woman, the wife of a man named McGuire, succeeded in having the case nol prossed. It is said that he paid the costs and gave the sum of $10 to the indignant husband to reimburse the latter for personal expenses.

A strange verdict was rendered in the case of Com. vs. Blanche Kelly of Bradford. The woman was tried on two counts, one of selling liquor without a license and the other of selling liquor on Sunday. The verdict was acquittal on the first count and guilty on the second. The sentence was suspended but the costs were placed upon the woman.

The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Jinks Storey and Thomas Taylor, Bradford men, charged with the larceny of two game roosters.

Charles Thompson, a Bradford moulder, arrested on the charge of non-support, was ordered to pay his wife $8 per week and furnish bail conditioned to comply with the above order.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. John Capero, in which the defendant was convicted of assault upon the 5-year-old daughter of Peter Monago of Lewis Run, a motion for a new trial was made and the case was put over till the next term of argument court. The maximum penalty for this offense is fifteen years.

Judge Bouton imposed the following sentences: Clyde McKinney, convicted of the larceny of copper tubing, fined $100, costs and imprisonment in the Western penitentiary at hard labor for a period of two years and nine months. Bell Cavanaugh, convicted of jumping a board bill, pay costs of prosecution serve two months in the county jail. Fred Hubbard, convicted of stealing nine tons of junk, fined $100, costs, and three years in the Western penitentiary. Ben Saunders, convicted of stealing nine bags of feed, fined $100, costs and four months in county jail.

Beginning of the End.

Last Saturday witnessed the cessation of operations at factory No. 2 of the National Chemical Co., located at Kushequa, which will at once be dismantled.

This plant was erected in 1890 and was the first in this immediate locality. During the 16 years it has been in commission thousands upon thousands of cords of wood has gone through its retorts while many more thousands of gallons of wood alcohol, bushels of acetate of lime and charcoal have been turned out.

The closing of this plant may well be rated the beginning of the end of this branch of manufacturing in this locality, and marks one more step nearer the day when our people must turn their attention toward the creation, rather than the destruction of intrinsic values. On the heels of the closing of this plant will follow the closing of at least one other, and from this on the last day of each and everyone of them may easily be reckoned. Not only on account of the scarcity of raw material is this sure, but owing to the great reduction in the price of wood alcohol as a result of recent changes in the law governing the manufacture of grain and other alcohols, there is little profit left in the business, aside from the plants where the new process is in operation. In these plants the saving leaves it possible to continue at a respectable margin.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

WANTED—A prominent Pennsylvania Old Line Life Ins. Co. wants manager for McKean county. Men between ages of 25 and 35 only need apply. Address Contract A-1, care McKEAN Co. MINER.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died at her home near Kennedy, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., on Saturday evening, December 19, Mrs. Lydia Sophia Colegrove, wife of Clarence M. Colegrove, in the 39th year of her age. Mrs. Colegrove's maiden name was Case. She was born in Kanona, Steuben county, N. Y., and lived there with her parents until she married Mr. Colegrove in 1877, when she came to Colegrove, this county, to live. Early in March, 1884, Mr. Colegrove moved from this county onto a farm which he had purchased near Kennedy, N. Y., and where they have since resided. During the year 1882 Mrs. Colegrove was seriously ill for weeks, during which her life was despaired of for days at a time. She finally partially recovered, but never fully recuperated from the terrible strain through which she passed during that terrible ordeal. She died from a disease of the kidneys which was unquestionably contracted at that time. Mrs. Colegrove was a devoted wife, a loving sister and a dear friend. It will be hard to fill the void in the family made vacant by her early demise. The body of the deceased was brought to this place on Monday, and on Tuesday at 2 p. m. the funeral services were held in the Methodist church, conducted by Rev. Bradley, which were attended by a large number of sympathizing friends. Her remains were interred in the Colegrove lot in Rose Hill cemetery. (1885).

Mr. Daniel Acre was a little ahead with his Christmas present, a bouncing baby boy. (1886.)

Frank Kent, son of John Kent, near Frisbee, found an old revolver in a field on their farm on Monday, Jan. 4, 1886, and he concluded that he would clean it up. Of course he didn't suppose it was loaded, but it was all the same, and in working at it he caused it to go off, the ball passing through the outer coating of his bowels. Dr. Freeman was sent for and he soon discovered that the wound was not a serious one but quite painful. When will people learn not to take chances with guns and revolvers whether old or new.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, 1885, while the driver of the omnibus, which runs between this borough and the B., N. Y. & P. depot, was looking for a trunk belonging to one of his passengers the team attached to the vehicle, which contained at the time the following passengers: Miss Mollie King, daughter of Mr. Robert King, and her little sister Orra, and Miss Annie Lemar, took fright and started for town at a furious speed. The passengers succeeded in alighting from the 'bus in safety excepting Miss Mollie King, who being encumbered with her little sister, was not so sure of her footing when she struck the frozen ground and as a consequence both bones of her leg between the knee and ankle were fractured. The sufferer was conveyed to her home and Dr. Brown was summoned who properly adjusted the bones. The patient is getting along as well as can be expected. It was reported that Mr. Chas. Sharp was in the omnibus at the time of the runaway, but that was not so. He was near by when Miss King jumped, and was the first person to get to her.

Tuesday morning, Jan. 5, 1886, long before daylight, B. P. Olson, who resides in Mechanicsburg, started for the extract works, where he is employed. When near the residence of J. G. Strong, Mr. Olson made a mistep and went into water which was all over the flats at that time. When he went into the water he dropped his lantern, and in an instant he was in total darkness. Not knowing which way to go he floundered around, all the while getting into deeper water, until he finally came to the conclusion that if he ever got to shore alive he would have to "lay to" and wait for assistance. He cried for help and at last aroused Mr. Strong who was powerless to assist him, as his residence was surrounded by water. So the unfortunate man was compelled to stand still in the icy water for full two hours until daylight came to his relief and showed him the way to dry land. Mr. Olson can congratulate himself on getting off as lucky as he did, notwithstanding he suffered much from his long, cold bath.

Bauer-Ebert.—At Farmers Valley, Dec. 23, 1885, by Rev. F. H. Gates, John Jacob Bauer and Caroline Ebert, both of Colegrove.

Stevens-Throop.—At Portville, N. Y., at the home of the bride, by Rev. Wm. Bradley, Mr. Albert N. Stevens and both of Portville.

Colegrove-Carter.—At Olean, N. Y., on the evening of Dec. 31, 1885, by Rev. D. W. C. Huntingdon, Bela D. Colegrove of Norwich, McKean county, Pa., and Miss Emily O. Carter of Annin, the same county and state.

For Sale or Rent.

Store room and dwelling house. Good location, corner Mechanic and Mill streets. Inquire of Wm. Hafner, Smethport, Pa.

WANTED—Girls wanted at the Grand Central Hotel.

LAW MAKERS SETTLE DOWN TO BUSINESS

And are Pushing Much Good Legislation Through at Present.

ARE FLAGGING THE BAD MEASURES

Interesting News Regarding the Doings at the State Capitol as Gathered by a Representative of the MINER—McKean Introduces two Bills—Other Matters of Interest.

The law makers at Capitol Hill have settled down to business and are pushing much good legislation as well as flagging the bad at the present time.

One thing that is creating a good deal of interest here is the proposition to enlarge the Capitol Park. It is proposed to purchase lands east of the Capitol and extend the park to the lands of the Pennsylvania Railroad. This would not only make the park much more beautiful but would rid the city of many old tumble-down buildings. It is also said that if the park is thus extended the P. R. R. would erect a handsome new depot adjacent to the extension and otherwise beautify their lands in this vicinity.

Mr. McKean of McKean has introduced two bills recently. One is a bill requiring county auditors to publish in newspapers reports of the various county officers. This publication we understand is intended to take the place of the commissioner's statement now published and would give a more detailed report of the receipts and expenditures of county funds.

The other bill is to authorize the payment of $3,000 annually by the county commissioners of each county in the State to its incorporated County Agricultural Fair Associations. This money is to be used in the payment of premiums on live stock and other premiums not including purses offered for races or prizes of that nature.

The repealer of the Sains-Grady press muzzler, introduced by Mr. Habgood of McKean, was unanimously passed by the House of Representatives last Thursday. When the repealer came up Mr. O'Shell of Allegany, wanted to have it postponed for the present, but the House was determined to act upon the bill at once, and he withdrew his motion. The repealer went through by unanimous vote, 152 votes having been cast in the affirmative. A half dozen votes were cast in the negative when the roll was called, but the members so voting changed them to the affirmative before the result was announced.

A bill making the lawful rate of interest five per cent. in all cases where no express contract is made, was introduced by E. B. Smith of Allegheny.

Because "beer is becoming a national beverage," according to Representative Gardner of Schuylkill, he introduced a bill in the House to provide for the manufacture of pure lager beer. The bill states that as the annual consumption of beer throughout the nation tends to establish the fact that it is becoming a national drink, and as most beer is adulterated with glucose, acids and other drugs, it be made unlawful to manufacture any but pure beer.

The House has passed the bill authorizing county commissioners to assume control of township and borough bridges 55 feet and upwards in length.

"Farmer" Creasy of Columbia has introduced a bill which, if it becomes a law, will increase the revenue of the State $6,000,000 or $7,000,000 per year. It places a tax of five mills on the capital stock and eight mill on the gross earnings of all gas companies now exempt from all tax.

The reception given by Governor and Miss Stuart was the social event of the season. It was attended by fully 1500 people and will be an event long to be remembered by many.

Tuesday morning by a vote of 35 to 7 the Senate finally passed the Capitol Park extension bill, but it probably will not have such an easy thing in the House, although it may pass.

The bill provides for the purchase by the Commonwealth of 38½ acres of property lying between the Capitol and the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad and North and Walnut streets. The measure appropriates $1,600,000 for this purpose, of which $500,000 is to be expended in each of the next two years, and $600,000 the third year. The Governor is to appoint three commissioners at $5,000 a year each to conduct the purchase, employing condemnation proceedings wherever necessary.

The House Monday evening refused to place on the calendar the Garner bill repealing the State constabulary act, after a spirited debate lasting three hours. The law will now have another two years to prove its good and bad qualities.

Senator Roberts, author of the Corrupt Practices act, now in force, introduced a bill to tighten up some loose spots in that law. It provides that while candidates may continue to pay for transporting voters, such bills shall be paid for only after the work has been done, and the rate of payment must be shown to be the normal one charged in the vicinity. Other provisions set forth that a candidate who has spent less than $50 must certify to the fact; that if any candidate fails to file his account within the time limit he may be cited to do so on the petition of five citizens and that the time within which an audit of election expenses may be asked shall be extended from twenty days to thirty-five days. The bill also exempts election officers and minor borough officials from the requirement of their expenses.

Plan to Care for Consumptives.

The consumptive poor of Pennsylvania will be well taken care of if the bill introduced simultaneously into the Senate by Mr. Gerberich of Lebanon, and in the House by Mr. Hitchcock of Tioga, becomes a law. Senator Gerberich and Mr. Hitchcock are chairman respectively of the Senate and House Committees on Public Health and Sanitation.

This bill which carries an appropriation of $600,000 for two years, provides for the establishment and maintainance of one or more sanatoria in Pennsylvania for the free care and treatment of indigent persons suffering from tuberculosis and places the sanatoria in charge of the Department of Health.

With these sanatoria established and with the State Department of Health taking care of all those persons suffering from incipient tuberculosis who are unable to leave their families to go to the sanatoria, Pennsylvania will be doing more for the unfortunate victims of the "White Plague" than has almost ever been dreamed of by any other state.

Health Commissioner Dixon has a most effective plan for the establishing of dispensaries in every county in the state, where poor consumptives who cannot go the sanatoria will receive free treatment and instructions as to how to prevent the spread of the disease among other members of their families and the community at large. The establishment of the sanatoria completes this plan.

The absolute confidence which the Legislature and the Governor place in Health Commissioner Dixon whom they can trust to use every penny for the sole purpose for which it was appropriated, and their great desire to fulfill their promises to take care of Pennsylvania's consumptive poor, make it safe to say that no opposition to the bill will be encountered.

New Council Organizes.

Monday evening the borough solons met at their rooms in the hose house. At this time the newly elected members, Messrs. F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath and H. H. Susse, were sworn in and took the places of Messrs. J. C. Cunningham, J. H. Harriman and J. S. McCarty, whose terms had expired.

About the only important business transacted at this meeting were the yearly appointments. John F. Rooney was elected president of the council by a unanimous vote. This gentleman is a thorough business man and will make an exemplary presiding officer. For the position of secretary to this body there were three applicants for the plum and the result of the voting showed that W. G. Holder was the lucky aspirant, and for the ensuing year this gentleman will assume the responsibilities of that office. The other appointments remain the same as last year and are: Borough attorney, V. B. Bouton; treasurer, C. Lemmler; chief of police, Frank McCarty, and street commissioner, M. L. Eagan.

Will Play No More Ball.

A most deplorable accident befell Herbert Drake, the well known base ball pitcher of Coudersport, who but a few months ago was united in marriage to Miss Mayme Lochery, a popular young lady of Coudersport, says the Galeton Dispatch. Mr. Drake was out hunting, when in climbing over a log the hammer of his gun caught in some manner and was accidentally discharged, blowing a large hole in his right wrist, taking with it a piece of the radius, also shattering several smaller bones. We understand that he will lose the use of the hand, with the possible exception of the third and fourth fingers. Mr. Drake played with New Castle last season and had but recently signed a contract for the coming season at a salary of $250 per month. Now his baseball days are over.

Mr. Drake is well-known in Smethport, where he has twirled the sphere on numerous occasions, and his many admirers will extend sympathy to him in his misfortune.

Fine Fall Millinery.

For all the latest creations in fall and winter millinery you should see my stock. The very finest materials and best style is used in all my headgear.

CARRIE REILLY CLARK.

Before buying a suit case or traveling bag call and look over my stock.

CHARLES LEVERLEN.

Prettiest Woman in America.

With the true boastfulness of the Windy City the Chicago Tribune announces that it has located the most beautiful woman in America in the person of Miss Della Carson, a Chicago stenographer.

The Philadelphia Inquirer does not believe it, and proposes to prove that when the prize for the most beautiful woman in America is awarded it will not go west of the Alleghenies and not out side of Pennsylvania. Consequently it challenges the Chicago Tribune to make good its claim.

Philadelphia, long [illegible] home of pretty girls and [illegible] will back the Inquirer [illegible] If the prettiest girl [illegible] to be located, Philadelphia [illegible] in the running. If the [illegible] is not to be found in the city [illegible] sure to be located somewhere else in Pennsylvania, New Jersey or Delaware.

The Philadelphia Inquirer means to find her, and to that end is appealing to its army of readers and friends to send in photographs of Pennsylvania's pretty women with the one aim of finding a prettier woman than Miss Carson. The Inquirer is reasonable certain that the most beautiful woman in America is in this state. The only problem is to find her.

Dr. Ostrander Fractures Left Leg.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander is confined to his rooms on Main street with a broken leg. The doctor was in Bradford last Friday and was on his way up Main street bound for the St. James Hotel to get his traveling case preparatory to returning to this place. The pavements were exceedingly slippery and he fell, nearly his entire weight resting on the left foot and leg.

Upon examination the physicians stated that the leg was not broken and the next day Dr. Ostrander returned to Smethport, and though suffering from considerable pain and walking with much difficulty he kept up until Sunday evening when Dr. Burg Chadwick was called and upon examination found that a small bone in the ankle had been broken. He reduced the fracture and made the patient as comfortable as possible. Although the doctor will be confined to his rooms for several weeks he is taking his [illegible] with good grace.

"The Beauty Doctor."

Beautiful women, catchy music, side splitting comedy and scenic and lighting effects are the reputed features of Fred E. Wright's productions of "The Beauty Doctor" which will be the attraction at the Lyceum, Monday, Mar. 11. Mr. Wright has provided for "The Beauty Doctor" one of the largest companies now in musical comedy and the excellent cast comprises no less than four comedians with equally good parts. Many special numbers, large in ensemble and catchy in musical environments are part of the composition of the comedy and the cast is of special strength with a chorus noted for its beauty as well as its singing strength and agility. Humberto Tedro and Will Philbrick head the cast with Marie Hylands, Jessie Cardwell, Hope Gago, Jennie Lippman, Daisy Parker, J. Grant Gibson, Earl [illegible] Albert Farrington and many [illegible]

The High School Contest.

The third contest in the series of contests between the different high schools of McKean county occurred between Port Allegany and Eldred at Eldred last Friday. Eldred won in the recitation and debate, while Port Allegany won in the essay and oration. As the debate counts 2 points the contest was won by Eldred. The final score was 3 to 2. This leaves Port Allegany number four in rank and Eldred number three. The next contest will take place on Friday, April 12, in this borough, when Eldred will try to win second place from Smethport. Those who will represent our high school are already hard at work so that an interesting and close contest may be expected.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 4, 1907:

J. V. Allen, A. N. Cortes 2, Miss Lulu Hendricks, Patrick Quinn, Miss Violet Pendleton, Mrs. Ed Warner. Foreign—Miss Julia Anderson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

J. C. Hamlin has just received a fresh stock of Campbell's Varnish stains. These are easy to apply and are very useful for staining and varnishing furniture, floors and interior woodwork. Better ask for color card.

Notice.

I have placed all my accounts with Mr. G. W. Campbell, who is authorized to make collections and give receipts.

JOHN CLARK, M. D.

For Sale.

An incubator and brooder for sale. Inquire of F. W. Backus, East Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Mean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Transient advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Cash in addition and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertions.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Local advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards of one inch, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Births, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Mar. 7, 1907

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce to the Republican voters of McKean county that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held the first of June next.

A. F. BANNON

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 11, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Republican primaries.

L. J. REZNOR.

Port Allegany, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

GERRIE PATON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 12, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my candidacy for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. B. WALKER

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 13, 1907.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of McKean county, at the primary election, June 1, next.

W. T. BOGART,

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 25, 1907.

THE Thaw murder trial is still occupying the attention of the courts in New York City. This trial has been dragging on now for seven weeks and but little has been accomplished. It must be getting tiresome to the judge, jury and lawyers.

INDICATIONS point very strongly towards a strike of the trainmen and switchmen on the entire system of the Pennsylvania railroad, east of Pittsburg. The vote in favor of the strike seems to have carried by a large majority, but for some cause is being held back.

THE first organization of the kind in the country, to be devoted to the interest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, was formed in a hotel at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, recently. The organization is known as the Thaw Penny Medal Association, and the plan is to place penny-in-the-slot boxes in all the hotels in the country and with the proceeds purchase a medal for Harry Thaw or his wife, as the donors may determine. The organizers say the purpose is to recognize the right and duty of every man to protect the integrity and honor of his own household.

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Pennypacker. He had a press muzzler introduced in the Legislature and despite the fact that the bill became a law the muzzle act was put in effect and it proved to be one of the greatest legal failures that was ever known. The act of preventing the publication of articles and pictures calculated to cause mental distress it seemed at least in some quarters—to ignore—at any rate the evils complained of under that head. The other day, by unanimous vote, the House of Representatives at Harrisburg repealed the act and the Senate is expected to follow suit. Pennypacker may have been honest in his views regarding journalism, but he was certainly prejudiced and many of his conclusions were erroneous and foolish. Fewer convictions for libel have been secured by means of the Grady-Salus act than under any previous act.—Bradford Era.

THE counsel for John Capero, the Italian who was tried in the courts here last week, and convicted of criminal assault upon a six-year-old girl, has made a motion for a new trial and the case will come up at the next term of argument court. Why this unnecesary trouble? The man, or fiend, for such he is, committed one of the gravest crimes, the maximum punishment for which is only fifteen years' confinement in the penitentiary, and surely he is lucky that the penalty is no worse. A man who contaminates such a heinous crime as the ravishing of an innocent child deserves a worse fate than fifteen years, and it is to be regretted that none other can be given him. We understand that when this fellow's cell was searched by the authorities it was found that he had in his possession a quantity of pictures of a most vile and indecent nature. Had he been in the Fourth it is doubtful if he would have had a chance to stand trial. The people of the North do not believe in the law's delay and it is well that they do not, but when a man gets only 15 years for such a deed why bother trying to get a new trial. He gets off easy as it is, and it is better to let well enough alone.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2, 1907.

There is an explanation in the air as to why Chief Engineer J. F. Stevens quit the canal work so suddenly. It is a partial explanation at any rate, and has to do with a disagreement between him and the President. It looks to the outsider like a case of oranial enlargement. Mr. Stevens is a good engineer, few better. But it is known that he is very sensitive to criticism, newspaper or otherwise. He has gotten plenty of [illegible] plained to the President. The President patted him on the back as it were and told him to go ahead, that he was just the man and the only man for the work. Now that was just a polite figure of speech. No man is absolutely essential to any undertaking and the President knows it if Mr. Stevens does not. But the encouragement led him to make more demand for encouragement and moral support and then came the threat of resigning, made not with the idea that it would be accepted, but in the thought that the Administration would have a chill at the idea of losing his valuable services. Just what sort of a chill it threw into the Administration may be judged by the celerity with which Mr. Stevens was allowed to translate his threats into words. It was annoying and the President did not like his quitting so unceremoniously. But now he has quit and is out, and the work of the canal is going on without a ripple on the surface. There is a moral in this. Let no man assume that he is the whole shooting match.

There are all sorts of trouble hovering around the canal. J. W. Oliver, the unsuccessful bidder for the canal contract, is still in Washington and the maddest man that walks the Avenue. Of course it is rather disappointing to him. Invitations were issued for big contractors to bid on the canal work. Oliver's bid was the lowest by about half, but the government had reserved the right to eject all bids if it saw fit, and it saw fit. So after depositing his certified check for $200,000 as an evidence of good faith and being morally sure he was going to get the contract, Mr. Oliver was left out in the cold world and had his certified check returned to him. Now he says that he spent $40,000 in getting his company together and making his bid, and he wants the government to return him that amount. Of course he won't get it, the chances are that he will never even sue for it. And if he does, it will make an interesting spectacle when he turns in his itemized bill. So far as an outsider can see, there is only one item of legitimate expense, that is the interest on the $200,000 lying idle six weeks, which Mr. Oliver possibly had to pay, that ordinarily being the nature of certified checks. If he paid 4% for the money, which he probably did not, that would make the interest amount to a few cents more that $923. What went with the other $39,000? If Mr. Oliver will send this in an itemized statement to the White House, the payment will be taken under advisement. There are a lot of ways of spending money in Washington and Mr. Oliver says that he "was assured" he would get the contract. Who assured him? These are interesting points that Mr. Oliver might clear up. It would add to the gaiety of the winter season if he did.

Representative Burkett of Nebraska has hurled another inquiry resolution at the Interstate Commerce Commission. It demands to know whether the express companies are doing a commission business in defiance of the law, whether there is a law to forbid them and whether they are using the practice to cover up rebates and discriminations. It will be remembered that a decision of the Supreme Court forbids common carriers to deal in the merchandise they transport. This was settled in the C. & O. coal case. It is claimed that the express companies are doing a regular business along their lines as commission merchants in fruit, vegetables and dairy products. The thing it is said, which allows them to do this is a loophole in the recent rate law in which they along with the pipe lines were exempted from this prohibition as common carriers. Some authorities say the express companies are working great hardship on the farmers by their exactions in handling their produce on commission, and others declare that the chief cry is being made by the commission merchants who are being cut out of their regular business. The matter will have to be taken up by the Commission during the summer recess of congress and will make another one of the many duties that are constantly piling upon them.

Quite a fight is being made to get through the amendment to the denatured alcohol act, giving the farmers a right to distil and denature alcohol on their premises without the expense of keeping a government storekeeper and gauger stationed there all the time. This is a vital feature in making the law effective. Up to date there has been no demand for permits to make denatured alcohol and the much advertised law has been so far unproductive except in cheapening alcohol. The regulations for its enforcement have been so drawn that the business is practically kept in the hands of the big distillers, namely the Whiskey Trust. Every effort is being made to secure the coveted amendment, but it is being stoutly contended by Senator Aldrich, and probably will be talked to death. There have been but a few shipments of denatured alcohol some of them having been made according to official report in New York last week. The denatured alcohol was quoted at from 31 to 36 cents a gallon according to the size of the lot. The most noticeable and immediate effect of this was to bring down the price of wood alcohol from 75 to 45 cents a gallon.

In using a cough syrup why not get the best? One that comes recomended is Bees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is superior to other cough syrups in many ways. Children always like it because it contains no opiates, is a laxative and is guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money returned Try it. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

When you think of
PLUMBING
think of STRONG'S.

Having added H. H. Redfield's plumbing business and tinners' tools to my stock I am now prepared to do all plumbing and tinning in a satisfactory manner.

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Give me a chance to figure on your next job.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes, Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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Repairing a Specialty.

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SPECIAL SALE
OF
Razors and Pocket Cutlery
...AT COST...
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONARY, HAND PAINTED CHINA, CUT GLASS, SOUV. POST CARDS, and FINE CIGARS
L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Charter Notice.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, March 19, 1907, by James L. Fox, Michael J. McCarey, Clifford E. McDonald, Hugh Rafferty and Mrs. Hugh Rafferty, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of natural gas companies," approved May 29, 1885, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "LEANDER GAS and OIL COMPANY," the character and object of which is "for the purpose of producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas,"—with its principal office in the Village of Ceres, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and the places where its business in its various branches is to be conducted are the townships of Ceres, Annin, Liberty, Norwich, Keating, Eldred and Otto and the Village of Ceres and Boroughs of Eldred and Port Allegany in the County of McKean; and the townships of Sharon, Cuba, Pleasant Valley, Roulette, Ulalia, Oswayo and Hebron in the County of Potter, Penn'a, and Ceres and Portville in the State of New York; and for said purposes to have and possess all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
Solicitors.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the above Court on Monday, the 11th day of March, A. D. 1907, at 1:30 p. m., under an Act of General Assembly, entitled "An Act regulating the organization and incorporation of secret fraternal beneficial societies, orders or associations, and protecting rights of members therein," approved April 6th, 1898, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called National Fraternal League; the said corporation to be formed for the purpose of paying to the members of sick, disability or death benefits, of such amounts as may be authorized by the Constitution and General Laws of said proposed society, from a fund derived from assessments and dues collected from its members, and to provide for the payment in not less than five years, to members whose beneficiary or distribution period may then expire of such sum not exceeding the maximum amount named in the beneficiary certificate, as the Constitution and General Laws in force at the expiration of said period may authorize and direct, and for these purposes to have, posses and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act [illegible]

DIGESTO COFFEE.

Digesto is free from injurious Caffeine and Tannin.

Digesto is absolutely pure coffee.

Digesto is packed in small sterilized bags.

Digesto is the only absolute-pure coffee that can be used without causing dyspepsia or heartburn.

Digesto is the only coffee that you can drink at night without fear of sleeplessness.

Digesto is packed in 25 cent packages, containing 10 bags, each bag making from 2 to 3 cups of exquisite coffee.

J. Colegrove,
Smethport, Pa.

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Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.
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PLUMBERS
We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

A. STURDVEINT
I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of
Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.
Your patronage is solicited.

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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
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INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
[illegible] reliable companies

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Charles McKean, O. D. Comes, B. H. Redfield, S. L. Fry and T. H. Pancoast to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called The Smethport Cutlery Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing, selling and dealing in knives, razors, shears, scissors and other articles of a like character comprehended under the general term cutlery, and for these purposes to have, [illegible]

50c 50c
New Shirts
A line for spring and summer wear at 50c. The Shirt that equals almost any 75c line.
H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

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The Spring Quarterly Style Book, illustrating the Ladies Home Journal Patterns, price, including a pattern, 15c,
I still have many bargains to offer in the different lines of goods, therefore, make it a point th call.
SPECIAL
20c Coffee at 15c.
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Best Mocha and Java at 35c, mixed to suit the taste.
Felt's Fancy Flour at $1.40.
D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
February 26, 1907.

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We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family receipts and give us a trial. We have a fine line of
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Pennsylvania Railroad.
EASTER EXCURSION
$10.00 from SMETHPORT to
Atlantic City
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Thursday, Mar. 28, 1907
Tickets good going on all regular trains on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.
STOP-OVER OF TEN DAYS AT PHILADELPHIA
allowed on going trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent, or on return trip, without deposit, within limit. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
EASTER SUNDAY ON THE BOARDWALK
Full information of Ticket Agents.
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD, General Pass. Agt., Philadelphia

The MINISTER'S SURPRISE

...By...

Katherine Young Thaxter

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The Rev. Calvin Morris was quite annoyed.

He was in anything but a ministerial mood when he tossed his hat on the table amid the confusion of books and papers and sat down in his study to think it over. It was such a ridiculous situation that at first he had been mildly amused at it, but now—pshaw! Why couldn't he ignore it?

But it had passed the stage when it could be ignored. In the past three days he had been told five times that his congregation would like very much to see him married. Nor had these remarks been the half jocular words on his bachelor condition that he had often heard since coming to the church at Littleton, but had been earnest words of advice expressed by the most prominent members of his flock.

He was popular in the parish, and his two years' pastorate had been productive of good results, but there had been one thing lacking.

Accustomed for years before his advent to the service of a most devoted minister and his able wife whose home had been the center for a vigorous church life, the people simply could not get used to a minister in a boarding house. Besides, there stood the fine new parsonage empty. Certainly it was his duty to live up to the demands of his people. When Miss Gilbert, the wealthy maiden lady who had contributed so much to the church, both in money and good deeds, died two years ago the parsonage she was building for the church was not quite finished.

The Rev. Calvin Morris knew he would use it in time. Indeed, all unknown to his people, vague plans had been floating through the minister's head for some months, and he had frequently looked very reflectively at the quiet house beside the church.

But the real vexing, disquieting point of the whole matter was that the congregation had not only decided that he should marry, but apparently had fixed on whom he should marry. This was assured the night he took tea with Mrs. Thorpe, one of the most active ladies in his church, when the chief topic of conversation was Miss Nell Gilbert.

Now, Mr. Morris had taken a most unreasonable and unministerial dislike to Miss Gilbert, a member of his church whom he had never seen. She was the niece of the great Miss Gilbert and had lived with her aunt until the latter's death, when the great house on the hill had been closed. Since then the young lady had traveled, so the minister had never seen her. He had heard a great deal of her, though, and had formed an impression of a person of undoubted energy and ability, accustomed to have things just as she wanted and inclined to be domineering. "Miss Nell" had ideas of her own on church music, "Miss Nell" had designed this and had attended to that. It seemed to the minister there was a little too much of "Miss Nell" everywhere.

Tall and muscular and aggressive himself, accustomed to shouldering burdens and clearing difficulties, the Rev. Calvin Lad, of course, an ideal of feminine grace very different from his own vigorous personality. Indeed, as he sat thinking in his study that morning a smile rose to the firm lips and softened the austere lines into which he had framed them as he saw in his mind's eye a petite, graceful form, soft, appealing dark eyes and masses of cloudy brown hair. Alas for the plans of the people who had made up their minds that "Miss Nell" and the minister would be an eminently well fitted pair.

But the vision faded quickly, and the many hints that had been dropped during the last few days flashed in rapid succession through his mind. "Miss Nell" was coming home next week. He would be thrown at her head and she at his by his well meaning flock until something happened. Oh, he well knew how it would be done. The opportunities a congregation possesses for annoying its minister and making him do things he does not want to do are legion. He supposed every lady of the aid society had planned some function to which he must go and meet "Miss Nell." The minister groaned. Already the subject had assumed alarming proportions. He could not, he would not, stay round and be made a football of, to be tossed into my woman's arms.

Again came unbidden that alluring vision of brown hair and eloquent eyes. It was preposterous! How could they budger him now, just as his heart was beating more madly every day for some one? Ah, if he were only sure! Did that friendship, formed a few short months ago, that soul satisfying friendship, mean to the girl of the vision what it had come to mean to him? Could he, dare he, offer her his love? He had been living since then in a beautiful dream. Suppose that dream should be fulfilled?

He hesitated. Dreaming had been so sweet he feared the awakening. Dare he risk "the last leaf?" With a bound he sprang to his feet. He could and he would. He would please himself in the choice of a wife anyway, and, if fortune favored him, give his officious congregation a surprise and a sharp lesson.

A short phone message to a neighboring town secured a supply for next Sunday's pulpit. "Urgent business out of town" was the message left for the church officers, and the minister found himself on the train bound for the east and the "vision."

The minister's wooing was brief and blunt, but Miss Helen Atwater was not very much taken by surprise. The acquaintance began in Scotland the previous summer had ripened fast on shipboard on the return passage and been brought to fruition by some months of correspondence. She even consented to a speedy marriage, and as she was living with a married cousin in Boston the minister took his bride from there ten days from the day he left Littleton.

But the blissful days of his honeymoon failed to blot out entirely the remembrance of his church and his work and his people. True, in the tumult of happiness that had possessed him since that day when their clumsy interference had driven him, actually driven him, into the joy that was now his he had almost forgotten their plans for him, but now it all came back to him and he realized that he did owe them something, for who knows how long he would have doubted and feared had not the terror of "Miss Nell" been upon him?

Suddenly the minister laughed aloud. It was all so funny to him now. Mrs. Morris, sitting beside her husband, was astonished at his mirth and looked it.

"Well, dearest, I know you'll think me crazy, but it is really too good to keep. You didn't know that I asked you to marry me so as to prevent my congregation marrying me to some one else, did you?" And out came the whole story, his mental picture of "Miss Nell" and all.

"You know," he concluded, "I never for a moment thought of her side of it. I was concerned for my own safety. What in the world a woman like her, with money and property and the world at her feet, would want with a poor struggling minister I can't conceive. But I had heard so much of her and the people so evidently had set their minds on it, I tell you I was in a regular funk over it. It drove me to put my timid hopes to the test for you, sweetheart."

There was a peculiar smile hovering around Mrs. Morris' lips, and for a minute or two she said nothing.

"What is it, dear?" asked the minister anxiously. "You are not vexed, are you?"

"N-no," hesitatingly, "not exactly, but I am just thinking how beautifully you have played into your congregation's hands, for, do you know, Calvin, you have really and truly married that domineering person, 'Miss Nell.'"

"Married 'Miss Nell!'" repeated the minister blankly, staring at his wife's flushed, laughing face.

"Yes, truly. I am Helen Gilbert Atwater, called 'Miss Nell' at the old home in Littleton. Listen, dear. I had no thought of deceiving you at first. I did not know you were in the church at Littleton till we reached New York on our voyage home. You know we were pretty well acquainted then, but I—neither of us knew our own heart. I often intended to tell you in a letter, but somehow I couldn't. I felt that if you knew it might make a difference. You were poor, comparatively. I had all that money and property. And—and I loved you, dear, too much then to have you leave me.

"Then at the end you took me by storm. I have been too happy to talk of anything like that, and I had been waiting till you would say something of your work to tell you all about myself."

"But, my dear, why Atwater? It was always Miss Nell Gilbert." The minister was still bewildered.

"Yes, my aunt did not like my father, the man whom her young sister married, and never mentioned his name.

"I was always called Gilbert at home, but of course I had no reason for discarding my name. There are plenty of people in Littleton who know my real name, but never used it, for I was but a baby when I went to live with my aunt after my father's death. Really, dear, you needn't be alarmed. I am not half as bad as I was painted. I won't try to run the church or rearrange the organist or—"

"Or any one except the minister," finished her husband. "Well, the surprise is certainly on me, but I must get even with those people some way."

The news of the minister's marriage spread like wildfire through the town. He had sent a laconic message to one of his church officers to the effect that he had been married in Boston and would occupy his pulpit the following Sunday. That was all. Married, after all, and none of his congregation knew a word about it. Who was she? Nobody knew. Conjecture was rife on every point and one version after another of the story of his wedding found quick credence. Some of the older members of his flock were thunderstruck. To think that Mr. Morris should trick them like that and be engaged all the time. They had just set their hearts on his marrying "Miss Nell," whom everybody knew and loved. They were accustomed to "Miss Nell" and her ways. But a stranger to steal their beloved minister!

All week long the tongues wagged incessantly over the minister and his bride, but at Saturday midnight no one had seen either of them. The church was packed Sunday morning. The bells had ceased ringing, and only a few late comers saw the Gilbert carriage drive up to the door and the minister and a lady alight from it.

Straight up the middle aisle he led her, sweet and demure looking, while the organ played softly and the silence of the church could be felt. At the Gilbert pew he left her, and the congregation had a good view of the sweet face framed in the masses of soft brown hair. Mrs. Thorpe almost jumped out of her seat. It was none other than "Miss Nell." Glance followed glance all over the church. The minister certainly had surprised his congregation

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A RARE BIRD.

Why an American Showman Could Not Get It For His Museum.

When the eminent French writer Ferdinand Brunetiere visited the United States some years ago, lecturing at Harvard and other leading universities, he had an amusing experience, which he described in the recollections of his American tour which he afterward published. The great litterateur devoted much attention to the life and works of Bossuet, who was often styled the "Eagle of Meaux," on account perhaps of his lofty flights of eloquence. This fact, with others pertaining to his literary career, was mentioned by some daily papers during his stay in this country. It caught the eyes of a shrewd American showman, who, however, got somewhat mixed over the meaning of the allusion. He wrote the following letter to the French author:

Sir—I have just heard that a certain Meaux eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your country, has become your exclusive property. Now, I am the manager of a museum in one of the largest cities in the States. This Meaux eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would certainly not fail to excite the curiosity of my public. If you will let me have the rare bird and tell me how to feed it, you can quote your own figure.

Brunetiere politely explained that the "rare bird" had been dead for nearly 200 years.

CORDON BLEU.

Origin of the French Title as Applied to a Fine Cook.

The Order of the St. Esprit was created in 1587, was suppressed by the revolution and was revived by Louis XVIII. in 1814. To speak rightly, Louis XVIII. considered that the order had never ceased to exist, for he had given two collars during his exile, in 1810, the one to Francis I., king of the two Sicilies, and the other to his brother, the Prince of Salerno, the father of his brother's wife, the Duchess d'Aumale.

The ribbon of this order was a light blue color. It was worn around the neck in the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV., but was changed by Louis XIV., when it was worn across the chest. The Chevaliers of the St. Esprit were always known under the name of Les Cordon Bleu, and this was the supreme honor during the monarchy of France. It was from this that the title of "cordon bleu" was given to a first class cook. A gentleman one day declared after a good meal that he who had cooked the dinner had proved himself a "cordon bleu" among cooks—in other words, the master of his art. The title became quite the rage and is now always used to designate a good cook without the persons who use it knowing what it means or still less the origin of the title.

FOREIGN HOTELS.

They Differ In Many Ways From Those of Our Own Country.

Hot water is not "laid on" (piped) at foreign hotels, says the Travel Magazine. If you hear a gentle tap on the door in the morning, you may interpret it as meaning that a copper ewer of hot water has just been set down outside for your personal use.

If you order a bath, it will be prepared for you accordingly, and a sweet voiced maid will give you notice when it is ready. You are not expected to operate the water valves at all, and it is doubtful if you would succeed if you tried.

From a variety of vacant rooms at a hotel shown you you select the one you prefer, with a definite agreement as to price. You are not required to accept humbly and thankfully, in blind faith, whatever room the clerk deigns to assign to you, as in America. It is expected, however, that you will order your breakfasts at the hotel, being free to get your other meals elsewhere if you prefer.

Electric light switches are not commonly turned on by a push button or a flat key, as in our bathrooms, but by a small brass lever. Many of the best hotels have a reading light in the headboard of each bedstead.

The Last Resort.

A man went into an oculist's the other day and, complaining of failing sight, got fitted with a pair of spectacles.

"Is this the weakest glass for my eye?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the oculist.

"Supposing I can't see with it after a few months?"

"Get a stronger then."

"And if I still can't see?"

"Get a still stronger."

"And if the strongest glass fails?"

"In that case I think if I were you I should buy a small, intelligent dog and a couple of yards of string."

It Made a Difference.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the visitor. "Hear those boys fighting and yelling out there. Regular little hoodlums, aren't they?"

"I can't say," replied Mrs. Famley. "I'm rather nearsighted, you know."

"But surely you can hear them."

"Oh, yes; but I can't tell whether they're my children or the neighbors'."—Exchange.

Doing Up a Shirt.

"This bill is too high," said the customer. "Too high?" ejaculated the laundryman. "That's what I said—too high." "But, man, do you know how long it takes to do up a shirt?" "Why, about four washings!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Bore.

"I think Jones is one of the worst bores that ever lived." "Why so?" "He broke right in and began talking about himself while I was telling about a thrilling experience I once had out west."—Indianapolis Star.

There are many kidney remedies but few that accomplish the result. "Pineules" is a kidney remedy that contains no alcohol or opiates of any kind, complies with the National Pure Food and Drugs Law, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Thirty day treatment for $1.00. Inquire about "Pineules." Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail

PARADISE FISHES.

These Creatures Live In Odd Nests Composed of Air Bubbles.

Paradise fishes come from Japan, and their nests are very odd indeed, for they are composed of air bubbles. Unlike goldfish, they will breed and raise their young in an aquarium or even in a glass globe, and they raise three or four broods each year.

Ordinarily the male paradise fish is of a dull silvery color, but when he goes a-courting he puts on a brilliant coat, striped with streaks of red, blue and green. When the female fish is ready to lay eggs, she builds her nest by swallowing air and making bubbles, which are held together by a sticky secretion that comes from her mouth.

The eggs rise in the water and find a resting place among the air bubbles, to which they cling. The female fish tries to swallow the eggs, but her husband drives her away and keeps guard until the eggs are hatched. If the air bubbles burst, the male fish blows some more, so that the nest is always floating on the surface of the water.

At the end of five days the young are hatched out. They cannot swim, but cling like tadpoles to the air bubbles. If one falls, the father fish catches it in his mouth and blows it up among the bubbles again. He does not leave his little ones until they are able to swim, and then they take care of themselves.

HOUSE OF NAPOLEON.

The Dwelling In Corsica In Which the Great Man Was Born.

Historically, Ajaccio, Corsica, is of the utmost importance, for here it was that on the 15th of August, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born, and here it was that the future emperor spent his youth, enlightened by an intelligent and lovely mother. The "Casa Napoleon" is one of the—or, I should say, the principal building in Ajaccio. It is a solid three story building, with gray stucco walls and a number of large windows. Situated in the old part of the town, one would scarcely find it were it not for the boys who tender their services to guide the stranger to the place.

Although plundered in 1703 by the partisans of Paoli, the heroic Corsican fighter for liberty, the house still contains a few reminiscences of the great warrior. Besides a number of ordinary rooms, each room containing some furniture, one finds the bedroom where Napoleon was born, as well as Napoleon's sleeping and study room, with his bed and table; his father's study, still beautifully furnished, and the drawing room, in which are his mother's piano and her sedan chair.—Theodore de Veer in Four Track News.

THE WORD "FELLOW."

Its Honorable Beginning and Its Latter Day Decline.

The degeneracy of a good word was illustrated in a case at Branksome Dorset, in which a witness spoke of the defendant as "this fellow" and was ordered by the bench to substitute "this man." "Fellow" began very honorably by meaning a person who put down money with others in a joint undertaking, its component parts being akin respectively to "fee" (property) and to "lay" and "law." To this day it is disallied to be a fellow of a college, and nobody minds being called a "fellow citizen," a "fellow Christian" or a "good fellow."

But ordinarily "fellow" alone ranks now as in the painful scene in which Mr. Tupman said, "Sir, you're a fellow," and Mr. Pickwick retorted, "Sir, you're another." In the fourteenth century it was customary to call a servant "fellow" in kindly condescension. Perhaps that explains the word's decline, though it may be due to the use of "fellow" in the sense of boon companion. "Companion" and "mate" also were contemptuous at one time.—London Chronicle.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

While it is as a poet that Shelley will always be remembered, the fact must not be overlooked that he had a passion for reforming the world, before all things. He wrote many valuable essays and pamphlets on questions of the day some time before he astounded the world with his brilliancy as a poet. Of his lyric work it has been said that it "presents a sum total of high creativeness, profound thought and transcendent music such as cannot be found elsewhere in English literature."—Pearson's Weekly.

For a Sluggish Liver.

When your liver is really sluggish, practice the following exercises at least twice a day: Stretch one arm up as high as you can, while with the other one try and reach down toward the floor. Then reverse the position of the arms. You will find that you will unconsciously bend the body toward the lower arm. By this exercise the side muscles are strengthened, and the liver, which is like a sponge, is squeezed, and is thus much assisted in its work.

Economy.

Lady Shopper—Have you any of your one dollar goods marked down to 99 cents? Salesman—None left, ma'am. We have the $1.50, $2 and $2.50 grades at the regular price and the $5 grade marked down to— Lady Shopper—Give me the $5 grade.—New York Times.

From Experience.

Ell—I shan't read any more novels. They all stop when he wins his sweetheart, and then it's just the best part. Father—Little blockhead! Who told you that was the best part?—Flob.

What a different world this would be if we were all as smart as we think we are.—Garland (Tex.) News.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Mark Twain's Ant.

"Mark Twain in one of his amusing books of travel attacks the ant," said a nature student. "He ridicules the idea that the ant is industrious and wise. He devotes three or four pages to an account of an ant making its way homeward with a burden. He shows the ant climbing grass stems instead of going round them, doing a hundred silly things, taking in every case the long and foolish instead of the short and sensible way home. And hence, naturally enough, he concludes that the ant's wise industry is overrated—naturally enough, I say. Mark Twain's ignorance being granted, for he was unaware when he wrote that long and interesting passage that many kinds of ants are blind. He did not, for all his close observation, take up his little ant subject, look for its eye sockets and find them absent. It was a blind ant Mark Twain studied, and he didn't know it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Trio of Husbands.

The traveled girl was explaining the strange looking locket she had about her neck on a thin gold chain.

"It is a Buddhist charm," she said, "to keep off bad luck. A swarthy little woman in Tibet gave it to me. She took a great fancy to me. It is handsome if the back is of tin. The face is of turquoise. They make them like that in Tibet. The little woman's husbands came up to her one by one, begging her to go home with them, but she wouldn't till she had finished talking to me. I felt very much flattered. Oh, yes, she had three husbands. The women are very scarce, you know, in Tibet. It was lovely to see them deading attendance on her. Tall fellows there were, too, and handsome. She asked me how many husbands I had. It was very humiliating to have to acknowledge to her that I hadn't any," she sighed.—New York Press.

Captured by the Students.

Some years ago the selectmen of the town of Hanover, N. H., decided, in their wisdom, to collect a poll tax from every Dartmouth student of legal age. The boys said nothing to this, but quietly decided that if they paid taxes they would also vote. So they turned out in full force at the annual meeting. Having strength enough to secure control, in less than five minutes they had elected students to the positions of moderator and clerk. Thirty minutes from the time the meeting was called to order the town of Hanover had gone on record as having voted to build a brick schoolhouse 500 feet long, ten feet high and two feet wide and to build a plank walk from Reed Hall in Hanover to Lebanon, in which town was a female seminary. The tax collector did not trouble Dartmouth students for many years after that.

The Universal Language of Clothes.

The top hat represents the universal language of attire. It wails and weeps against the walls of Jerusalem, and it turns up in the solitudes of the desert. Even the loneliest mountain peaks are not safe from its democratic shapelity. Once I lost a silk hat, probably rescued from a mischievous dust bin, milking a cow in a London park. The hat nearly caused a riot. Each cow I every passerby turned and stared indignantly. The cowside cowboy in the top hat finished his milking, and in company of his cow and the milk pail he strolled placidly out of sight. Still one can't help asking in the interest of personal liberty, why shouldn't a silk hat be permitted to milk a cow? The cow doesn't mind, so why should we?—Fortnightly Review.

Forest Air.

There is a general impression that the humidity of the air is greater in the woods than in the open fields. This is contradicted, however, by the result of observations made in Germany. It was found there that the humidity, both relative and absolute, was slightly greater in the open than in the woods, and this was true equally in the morning and in the afternoon. As to the temperature of the air among the trees, it was a trifle higher than in the open in the morning and in a more marked degree in the afternoon.

Dickens' Interest In Inns.

"Pickwick" is the very Odyssey of inns and travel, for the youthful Dickens had traversed England as a reporter, and in "Pickwick" alone no fewer than fifty-five inns, taverns, etc., in London and the provinces are mentioned and often described at length.—London Chronicle.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Official Directory

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Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Singertown.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Halsgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—James A. McKean president; Mrs. Lean Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham, G. H. Deming.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—H. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y.; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—I. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, Jr., E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. B. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungerville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
IDDIAGE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 on o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
R. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BUNLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
2. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. E. A. FARRER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RAYMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Ruler's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 4 p. m.; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on 3rd Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Ducey, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Won by a Violin.

By EFES W. SARGENT.

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Avard clambered up through the trap leading from the music room with the same intolerable feeling of disgust that always filled his soul when it came time to take his place beside the leader of the Odeon orchestra.

He hated it all, the endless procession of sidewalk comedians, serio comics, sketch artists, trained dogs and all the other component parts of the vaudeville show.

He had come to America fresh from the conservatory, with visions of a concert tournee that should make him famous. They told him that America was a land of money; that there people sat up nights for an opportunity to hear some great artist.

Instead, he had discovered that only those heralded by a skillful promoter stood any chance. He was glad to get an occasional engagement for some small concerts, and even these grew less and less frequent as the season waned.

Then had come that awful time when, penniless and hungry, he faced the realization that he could never hope for success. He was too proud to go back home a failure, and he thankfully accepted an opening in a concert hall, where he, a pianist and a cornet player comprised the orchestra.

Benson had found him there one night when he dropped in to see the proprietor. Benson had played violin there himself before he had become a bandmaster, with a blue and gold band at a summer resort, and he dropped in at intervals for old times' sake.

He called Avard over to his table and offered him a place in his orchestra in the fall, when the season opened, as ever since September Avard had sat beside Benson playing first violin. He loathed it all, but it was better than the concert hall, and he was grateful.

But this afternoon he was gloomy. A great artist, one with whom he had studied, was giving a matinee, and some one had told him how the people were thronging to the hall. Their master had declared Avard to be the better, yet there he drew the crowds.

Monday was always a bad day. The music stores, some of them yellow with age, filling with dirt, were hard to read. Benson had been more or less a farce and he scarcely noticed the performance. Then suddenly a voice broke on his ears, and he looked up in wonder.

A mere girl stood in the gleam of the spot light. She could not be more than sixteen or seventeen, but from her throat there poured tones of crystal purity. The voice was unplaced and unschooled, but she had a natural gift for singing, and her tones had not yet become hardened through overwork.

The music thrilled him through and through, and once or twice he broke in his accompaniment. Long after she left the stage she still occupied his thoughts, and as he started to leave the theater after the matinee she confronted him at the top of the stairs.

"What did you grab my act for?" she demanded.

"I am sorry, mademoiselle," he said, with humility. "But such a voice—in vaudeville. The surprise was too great. I faltered."

"It looked as if you were scared," she agreed, mollified at the compliment. "But don't you do it again."

"I protest that I shall offend no more," he assured, and she turned to the elderly woman who hovered in the background.

"Come on, ma," she called. "He didn't do it a-purpose. I knocked him off his pins; that's all. Come on."

She passed out of the stage door, and Avard followed slowly. Into his life love had come. He could forgive the uncouth speech for the sake of the voice, and Gertie Clayton, "phenomenal" (she invariably misspelled the word) soprano, had become a goddess to him.

All that week he drank in the flutelike tones, as a drunkard imbibes his tipple. Saturday night, when the engagement closed, he left a single rose, perfect in its loveliness, with the doorkeeper, to be given her as she left.

She was gone when the show was over, and he hurried to the doorkeeper for his report.

"What did mademoiselle say?" he demanded eagerly.

"'Stingy,'" grinned the unsympathetic soul, and Avard slowly passed out.

But the slight was forgotten the next day, and only the memory of that perfect voice remained. From the press agent he begged one of her photographs, and when he came home at night, tired and disheartened, he looked upon her youthful face and seemed to hear again the liquid sweetness of her singing.

It was several months before she came again. Avard feared that perhaps the hard work, the singing in smoke filled music halls, had spoiled her tones, but she did not strain for high notes, and her voice retained its clarity and freshness.

It seemed an interminable time after he took his place before she came on, and again after her appearance the moments dragged woefully, but they were to be endured for the sake of those momentary uplifts to paradise, and he was content.

Several times, when the sketches were on, he left his place and prowled about the stage in the hope of gaining speech with her, but she always was dressed and out before the sketch brought him an intermission from his labors.

As the week progressed these repeated disappointments preyed upon him, and he grew more and more gloomy. Saturday night came all too soon, and it was with an aching heart that he opened her music to play her accompaniment for the last time.

Gertie had put in a new song to try the last night. It was a popular ballad, one that had just come out, cheaply constructed, but with a slow melodic chorus. They had tried it over in the music room before the performance, and he had liked it then. Now the melody seemed to fill his heart, and he put all of his artistic soul into the interpretation of the chorus. The other musicians, as if by common impulse, lowered their instruments, and the wailing tones of the violin formed such a perfect accompaniment to the voice that as the strains swelled out the audience suddenly grew quiet. Twice the chorus was repeated, and the bathos of the words became pathos when sung to the sobbing accompaniment of the violin. Now the chorus was ended, and the singer looked up expectantly.

For a moment the audience sat silent as if in the presence of death. Then a great outburst of applause swept down from the gallery, to be met with a demonstration from the lower floor. Three times Benson played over the "vamp"—the short symphony between the verses—before the house became quiet again. Then Gertie began, and the house was hushed. At the chorus the other players settled back, and once more the duet between violin and voice thrilled the hearers. Again the applause thundered out. The singer bowed repeatedly, but still the hand clapping continued, and she leaned over the footlights. "Get up and take a bow," she shouted. "Push him up, Benson."

The leader guided Avard to his feet, and he stood there, abashed by the sensation he had created. Three times they repeated the double chorus, and even then the stage manager had to ring up in the next act and hold the curtain up before the house would quiet down.

Presently the call boy poked his head through the trap and handed a note to Benson. He turned to Avard. "Miss Clayton wants to see you in her dressing room," he said. "Never mind this act. I can get along."

Weak and trembling from the reaction, Avard slipped out of the orchestra pit and presently presented himself before the singer.

"What's your name?" she demanded, curiously.

"Pierre Avard," he said hesitatingly.

"Sounds good for the bills," she said critically. "Say, we'd make a great team, something like the three Dunonds' stunt—street singers, you know. I'll fix Benson all right. Will you come?"

"Mademoiselle wishes my services?" he asked haltingly, unwilling to believe that such good fortune could be true.

"Sure thing!" she confirmed. "We stopped the show. We'll be headliners. Want to double up?"

"Double up?" he repeated wonderingly. "Mademoiselle does me the honor of proposing a matrimonial alliance?"

Gertie eyed him curiously. To double up meant to form a team. Then an idea came to her. "I guess so," she answered carelessly. "It'll keep some other dame from getting her hooks on you."

Benson summed up the situation later over his nightcap.

"It's a good thing for both of them," he declared oracularly. "He'll keep her straight and do something with her voice. He's too much in love with her to realize what a silly little fool she is. By the time she's really ready to fall in love he'll be there to be fallen in love with. Here's luck to 'em."

And they all drained their glasses.

Animals Never Commit Suicide.

I do not believe that animals ever commit suicide. I do not believe that they have any notions of death, or take any note of time, or ever put up any bluff game, or ever deliberate together, or form plans, or forecast the seasons. They may practice deception, as when a bird feigns lameness or paralysis to decoy you away from her nest, but this, of course, is instinctive and not conscious deception. There is at times something that suggests co-operation among them, as when wolves hunt in relays, as they are said to do, or when they hunt in couples, one engaging the quarry in front, while the other assaults it from the rear, or when quail roost upon the ground in a ring, their tails to the center, their heads outward, or as when cattle or horses form a circle when attacked in the open by wild beasts, the cattle with their heads outward and the horses with their heels. Of course all this is instinctive and not the result of deliberation. The horse always turns his tail to the storm as well, and cows and steers, if I remember rightly, turn their heads.—John Burroughs in Outing.

It Puzzled Him.

"When going through a big apartment house the other day looking for a friend I came across something funny," said the busy woman. "I read the names of all the tenants on the doors as I passed from floor to floor, and by and by I came to one card that said, 'J. Fitzgerald and wife.' I have been puzzling ever since over the significance of that card. Had J. Fitzgerald only recently taken unto himself a wife, and was he anxious to advertise the fact, or had Mrs. Fitzgerald a mind of her own, and did she insist upon recognition, or—but I give it up. What did it mean anyhow?"—New York Globe.

Mutual Reserve Company.

"There should be no secrets between husband and wife," says the cynical bachelor, "except what they really think of each other."—Philadelphia Record.

SCOTCH TERMS.

The Word "Clan" and the Relation of Clansmen and Chief.

Everybody knows that the word "mac" (pronounced in Gaelic mach) means son, so that, for example, MacDonald Hector means the son of Donald. But it is not generally known that when a woman is spoken of the Highlanders substitute for "mac" the feminine "nich," which means daughter; that the vocative of "mac" is "vichk" (we spell phonetically), which always replaces mac when a person is addressed, and that the nominative plural is nichk (sons) or clann (children). Sir Walter Scott's ignorance of Gaelic frequently led him into error upon these points, both in his poetry and in his novels.

The meaning of the Gaelic word clan, as just stated, is children, and the obedience which clansmen owed to their chief was considered by them rather as the affectionate obedience due by children to a father than as that due by subjects to a ruler. They believed themselves to be all blood relations descended from a common ancestor, of which their chief was the living representative. The clansman who hesitated to save his chief's life at the expense of his own was regarded as a coward who fled from his father's side in the hour of peril. On the other hand, the chief was expected at all times to acknowledge the meanest of his clan as his relation and to shake hands with him wherever they might happen to meet. Subordinate to the chief and generally related to him were the chieftains and tacksmen.—London Standard.

DIET AND HEALTH.

Use Foods That Will Give the System the Oil It Demands.

Every person requires a certain amount of oil in his food in order to be healthy. Our ancestors lived to a large extent on olives, filberts, chestnuts and other nuts containing oil. The present generation uses too little oil in its diet. This can be taken in the shape of the pure expressed olive oil, as an emulsified salad dressing or by eating nuts, olives, etc. It may be a matter of choice [illegible] the system gets [illegible] but a matter of necessity [illegible] essential that [illegible] Healthy [illegible] The [illegible] final result [illegible] are soon shown, especially [illegible] as a decline [illegible] and [illegible] stimulation. [illegible] well to be struck [illegible] pure olive oil in [illegible] for salads. Various kinds of nuts have a high [illegible] because of the oils which they contain and can be used to advantage. When patients incline to constipation, pure cod liver oil ranks at the head of oily substances, but the lesser oils also can be taken in moderation.

Nature furnishes many cures for the successful treatment of diseases if we will but study her methods instead of following fads. The result will be a greater progress in building up resistance and humunity from disease.—Washington Star.

The Bank Clerk.

It is the duty of the clerk to be zealous. The low spirited has no place in a bank. Neither has the frivolous. The man who works for a bank is respected in his community because it is known that the character of his work is important and particular. He must not only be direct and speedy in what he does, he must not only be faithful and constant in all that he does, but he must go a step further and do what he does with a will, and a good will at that. Zeal requires interest and enthusiasm. One of the troubles with the bank clerk is that his senses and his buoyancy are apt to be dulled by the endless repetition of details. There is no way to shirk it. No bank clerk can go home at night with his work unfinished.—C. W. Stevenson in Bankers' Monthly.

An Honest Quaker.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend, I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks. Therefore he avoided thee and hath departed from the house by another path."

Money In Words.

Mrs. Humphry Ward got for "Helbeck of Bannisdale"—the name's enough—$75,000. Barrie got for "The Little Minister," book and play, $250,000. Hall Caine got for the book and play of "The Christian" $150,000. Mrs. Grant was paid for her husband's autobiography $350,000. Nansen got $50,000 for his "Furthest North." Sir Walter Scott got $90,000 for his "Life of Napoleon." Ruskin, for "Modern Painters," got $50,000.—Kansas City Times.

Almost a Throat.

Police Inspector—Haven't I often instructed you that you are not to allow the public to pick the flowers in this park? Park Keeper—Yes, that is my wife, who used to be your cook. Perhaps you will try to make her stop.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A Domestic Distinction.

"They say that your wife wears the pants," commented the tactless friend.

"She does not," responded young Mr. Enpeck with some spirit. "She merely selects 'em."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Old Maid

By LEE MITCHELL.

Copyright, 1897, by P. C. Eastment.

During a certain period, lasting about three years, if any one had asked what was the chief feature of the village of Harpersville he would have been told it was gossip and scandal. It had come to such a point at last that hardly any two families were on speaking terms, and a number of people had sold out and moved away in disgust.

The social state of affairs could not have been much worse when the Rev. Henry Bates received a call to fill the pulpit of one of the two churches. He was a man of thirty and single, and he promised to be popular. It wasn't a month, however, before there were stories floating around to his detriment. He had come from the west, and it was said that his congregation had been pleased to get rid of him, and there were other sly statements and innuendoes calculated to make his position uncomfortable.

There is more or less gossip in every village in the land, but as to who starts it is always one of those things that can't be found out. Mrs. White hears it from Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Black from Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Green from Mrs. Brown, and so it goes, and the fountainhead is seldom located.

When the Rev. Bates came to find out what a hotbed he had got into he cut short his sermons to do a little outside work. When he came to delve into the situation he was more than astonished. There was just one single woman left in Harpersville who hadn't been talked about to her detriment, and she was an old maid named Sarah Lee. She was not only an old maid,

SHE MADE IT PRETTY PLAIN THAT SHE WAS WILLING TO BE HIS'N.

but she was extremely homely, and the pastor hadn't been investigating long before he thought he had located the fountainhead. In another week he was sure of it.

The old maid was not a church member, but the pastor called on her just the same and threw out broad hints that the gossip and the scandalizer would have hard work to squeeze into the better land when the time came. Sarah agreed with him and two days later cooked up another canard.

She was in command of the situation up to a certain point. She was well to do, and she had wealthy relatives to stand by her. The minister saw that he must go slow and bide his time. There are clergymen who study the subject of religion alone. There are others who study human nature as well. The Rev. Bates was one of the latter.

"An old maid," he reasoned, "is a young woman who has been overlooked in the scramble or got left in the shuffle. This fact has soured her temper and made her envious and jealous. The only way she can get even is to use her tongue. She is down on all her sex and on the married men of the other. The tongue of one old maid can stir up more mischief than five ministers can smooth over."

When the pastor had reasoned that far he took a rest for a few minutes and then continued:

"What is the remedy for a tattling, gossiping, slandering old maid? Remove the cause and the disease is cured. In other words, if she can be married off the spirit of spite will be laid and she will have no reason to interfere with the peace of mind of others."

The line of reasoning was up to date, and the philosophy weighed full sixteen ounces to the pound. One may reason a thing to a logical conclusion, however, and yet find that only one difficulty has been removed. The Rev. Bates was pitted against Sarah Lee. It was Lee versus Bates. He realized that he would have to go at the end of a year or Sarah Lee would have to be provided with a husband. Not only was the instinct of self preservation appealed to, but if the question had been submitted to any lay mind the answer would have been that one minister was worth ten times as much to any community as an old maid. The Rev. Bates did not turn conspirator. It takes two to conspire, and he did not take any one into his counsel.

His very first move almost brought about his downfall. He made a second call on Miss Lee, and during that call he brought the conversation around to the subject of matrimony. It was the duty of men and women to marry. The world would be a savage desert without homes. Once suicide would end in a state of barbarism. For good reasons of her own, he supposed, she had neglected this great duty, but he hoped and trusted that those reasons would soon be removed. He himself was still single, but he was happy to state.

Before he could make his statement the old maid was in his arms, or would have been if he had not quickly increased the distance between them. She made it pretty plain that she was willing to be his'n and would do her best to make life happy for him. When he closed the conversation by saying that he was expected to a lady in the west he was almost turned out of doors, and Miss Lee started three of four new stories about him.

The pastor felt sure that he had struck the keynote, however, and a week or two later he was writing a letter to an acquaintance in his former parish. The man he wrote to was not a church member. He was an old bachelor who paid pew rent, contributed to the heathen, attended Sunday school picnics and let it go at that. The pastor had once talked with him on the subject of matrimony and had been given to understand that there had been no marriage because the right woman had not been found.

"Referring to a subject once discussed between us," wrote the Rev. Bates, "let me say that there is a young woman resident here who seems to have many of the qualifications to fit her for wifehood—that is, she has the best of health, is worth several thousand dollars, and she has assured me that she would do her best to make a husband happy. Were you to pay me a visit and meet her she might prove to be the one you long have sought. Did you not know my radical ideas on the subject of race suicide I should not have mentioned this matter to you. While I mentioned that the lady had money, it was only incidentally, and that fact will have no undue influence, I trust."

Ten days later James Perkins appeared in Harpersville as an old acquaintance and the guest of the clergyman. The Rev. Bates did not boast of being a hustler, but within twenty-four hours he had introduced his guest to Miss Lee. Mr. Perkins had no reputation as a hustler, but within forty-eight hours he was speaking words of flattery that made the old maid smile like a June day. She couldn't forego what she had come to believe was her privilege, however. She told Mrs. Jackson, and Mrs. Jackson told Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Taylor told Mrs. Beebe and the rest of the town that she believed Mr. Perkins had had two wives and killed them both by smothering them with a pillow. The story reached the parsonage and the ears of the guest within a day, and the guest was wroth, but the good pastor sat down with him and argued.

"James, the gossip of women is as the breeze that bloweth. Give it no heed. I incidentally learned today that the exact amount of wealth possessed by Miss Lee is about $12,000, and all in bonds drawing fair interest. I am also assured that she is a great worker in her own house, has no extravagant habits and that she would have no objection to a home in the great and boundless west. Perhaps I should not have mentioned the exact sum of money, but I know you will receive it as only incidental. James—only incidental. If there is a marriage I hope and trust it may be founded on love alone. I shall be busy with my sermon tonight, and should you desire to call on Miss Lee I shall not miss you for a couple of hours."

There was no hustling on the part of the Rev. Bates or James Perkins, but two weeks after his arrival in Harpersville Mr. Perkins entered the minister's study one evening with a bland smile and an extended hand and said:

"My dear old friend, congratulate me, I am the happiest man in the state."

"Has—has something happened?"

"Something has. Sarah has promised to be mine, and she has set the marriage day for only six weeks ahead. How can I ever thank you for bringing us together?"

Something like a smile appeared at the corners of the pastor's mouth; but, of course, he let it spread no further. When he found that the happy couple were to go west to live he tendered his hearty congratulations and likewise offered up his thanks mentally. The marriage came off, the old maid became a wife, and Harpersville knew her no more. Then the calm that settled down was indeed blessed—no more gossip, no slander, no lying; in place of them, peace, harmony and contentment. And if the conscience of the Rev. Bates ever pricked him he had but to say to himself:

"Isn't it better to marry off one old maid than to have a thousand people made unhappy?"

The Volley Over the Grave.

The firing of a volley by soldiers over the grave of a dead comrade is a survival of a very ancient custom. In days gone by, when superstition was practically universal, it was generally believed that making a noise kept away evil spirits, and the passing bell came into vogue for that reason. When firearms were invented volley firing was substituted for the passing bell, the belief being that the sound of battle would be more efficacious in the case of a soldier.

Her Dear Friend.

Miss Knick—Ethel is to be married next month, and she says Walter wants to board, as he thinks she needs a rest. Miss Knock—She does need a rest, considering the way she ran after him, but I didn't know he knew it.—Woman's Home Companion.

ST. PATRICK'S DRUM.

The Sunken Rock and the Legend of the Banished Snakes.

There is an old legend to the effect that St. Patrick had driven all reptiles from Ireland by beating a drum, but no one probably seriously believes the story. According to the myth, he took his drum out for the purpose mentioned and commenced pounding it so vigorously that he knocked a hole in the drumhead, thus recklessly endangering the success of the miracle. While pondering what to do St. Patrick was astonished by the appearance of an angel, who immediately set to work to mend the broken instrument. After the hole had been mended the angel vanished, and St. Patrick continued the work of serpent banishing, being successful in ridding the island of every representative of the snake tribe except one old stayer who had lived so long that his tusks protruded from his mouth like horns. This monster refused to leave the "land of his fathers," and the good saint resolved to practice a little piece of strategy. He removed the patch which the angel had put on the drumhead and then persuaded the serpent to creep into the drum for the night. When the reptile had done as requested, St. Patrick glued down the magic patch and then threw drum, serpent and all into the sea. A sunken boulder off the west coast of Ireland is called St. Patrick's drum.

A WEAK HEART.

It Need Not by Any Means Point to a Short Life.

The heart is perhaps the organ of the body least known by members of the medical profession, and many a man who has been told he would die in a given time has outlived the doctor who pronounced his doom.

Heart disease is coming to inspire less and less terror in the average man, and mind men in ten who are allotted ten years to live double that time to die of an entirely foreign complaint.

"Some years back," says Dr. Warren Schoonover, Jr., in the Medical Record, "heart diseases were a cause of great worry and fright to the laity as well as to the profession, but now they are handled so successfully by the physician that the patients live on under proper therapeutics until the end of the term of their natural life without much difficulty from the diseased organ. In the practice of one physician was a case which was under the care of his grandfather from 1830 to 1856, his uncle from 1856 to 1882 and himself from 1882 to 1893, when the patient died at the age of ninety-three, having been under the care of the first physician for twenty-six years, the second for twenty-six years and the third for eleven years, a total period of sixty-three years."

LEGAL NOON.

A Time That Seems to Vary In the Different States.

The courts of several states have dealt with an odd question, none of them agreeing upon a similar answer. When is it legally noon? Fire insurance policies expire at noon, and the word is admitted to mean exactly 12 o'clock midday. But standard time has not been adopted in all communities. Many small towns cling to sun time, which may be from a few minutes to nearly an hour earlier than standard. In one state a fire occurred at two minutes past noon, sun time, and the insurance company held that the policy had expired before the fire. Sun time is used in that town, but the insured sued the company, holding that local customs did not rule the policy and that he was entitled to his insurance. The state courts sustained him. In another state a similar contention was taken to the courts and just the opposite decision given. Several conflicting precedents have been established in state courts, and it is said the question can only be decided for good and all when a case has been carried into the United States courts and passed upon by the supreme court.—New York Press.

Influenza.

Influenza derives its name from an Italian word meaning influence. It was thus entitled by the Italians in the seventeenth century because they attributed the disease to the influence of the stars. A very common belief is that influenza is a comparatively modern disease, disassociated from a general class by latter day medical men, but this is far from being the case, for the illness has been mentioned by ancient writers as far back as the fourteenth century, there being records of its appearance in France in 1311 and 1403.

Absentminded.

Benson—I have a literary friend who is so absentminded that when he went to London recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place. Smith—Did the telegram have the desired result? Benson—No; he got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his name, and, not knowing who it was from, he paid no attention to it.—Pearson's Weekly.

At the Matrimonial Agency.

"Madam, I have picked out a charming husband for you. Only I warn you he is a thorough sportsman; fond of automobiling, mountain climbing, bicycling and ballooning."

Applicant (thoughtfully)—Can't you give me something that lasts longer?—Fliegende Blatter.

Good manners are a short cut to one's goal. They lubricate the wheels of life instead of obstructing them.—Wharton.

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ON BOARD THE FLIER

By Marion Benton

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"We'll take those three seats. I suppose it's the best you can do. Lawrence, you sit there. No, no—on this side. There's a draft on that side."

"But I want to see the river," said the elderly man querulously and with a gesture akin to throwing aside a detaining hand, though his florid and overdressed wife had not laid so much as a finger tip on his arm.

"I tell you there's a draft on that side," she said sharply.

"Well, you don't want to sit in a draft either," persisted her husband.

"No: Emily can sit there. She is young. Drafts won't hurt her."

David Marston raised his paper suddenly to hide the smile that would come. He was sitting on the drafty side, too, right behind the chair in the parlor car which had raised the discussion. He, too, wanted to see the Hudson, the Palisades and other points of interest of which he had read and which he was enjoying for the first time.

"Where is Emily?" asked the husband, now settled unwillingly in the chair selected for him.

"She's making sure that there's a nice man in the baggage car to look after the dogs. She'll be along in a minute."

By this time David Marston was not the only passenger interested in the domestic drama. Every man and woman in the car had laid aside paper or book, roused to attention by the piercing tones and dominating bearing of the woman. The shrill speech might have been forgiven on the plea that the husband was evidently very deaf. The manner was less forgivable. Newly acquired riches were stamped all over the tightly laced, middle aged figure. The characterless face, due to much electric massaging, spoke of hours spent with beauty experts. Her frock, wrap and hat shrieked, "Paris!"

Evidently the couple were going back to New York after a brief stay at their lodge in the Catskills, for the limited had stopped at the small town close to fashionable mountain fastnesses on special orders.

"You don't think anything will happen to Emily trying to cross the platforms?" asked the man anxiously.

"It's a vestibuled train!" shrieked his wife. "I told her to stay until all three of the dogs had been properly chained. You remember the time we came— Oh, there she is!"

There was much craning of necks as the third member of this interesting party came through the narrow passageway around the drawing room. Her advent promised further entertainment to travel bored passengers. Only one of the latter did not crane his neck. He simply sat staring at the girl, his hands gripped hard on the arms of the chair.

She was a slender, refined looking girl, dressed in black from her dull calfskin ties to her stiffly tailored traveling hat. At her throat and wrists were fine linen bands. Marston recalled with a shudder that a maid who had opened the door for him at a fashionable Denver home had worn just such a black frock with white bands.

The girl carried a bundle of canes, umbrellas and golf sticks. As she tilted them in the corner beside the elderly man she said something to him which he seemed to hear, though she did not follow his wife's example and raise her voice. He settled back with a contented air.

"There's your chair, Emily," said the woman, waving her hand across the aisle. The girl turned, stepped across the aisle, looked at Marston, caught her breath sharply and sank into her chair, which she wheeled so that her back was turned squarely upon him.

By this time David had recovered thought and speech. He rose, deliberately walked in front of the girl and extended his hand.

"Don't tell me that a mere trifle like a beard makes me unrecognizable, Emily. I should have known you even if you had dyed your hair."

The girl's hand lay limply in his, then she pulled herself together and withdrew it.

"Oh, I knew you at once. But the shock"—

"Precisely. It was a shock to me—to find you with them."

The gesture was slight, but Emily Hunt knew what he meant, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"I can explain"—

"Let me turn your chair around so we can talk," Marston suggested, and a moment later they sat side by side, facing the river bank, their backs to Miss Emily's employer, who sniffed in baffled curiosity and gazed their way through a jeweled lorgnon.

"Oh, the story is short enough," said Emily bitterly. "Selling daubs and teaching youngsters in a Colorado town and making good with your brush in New York city are entirely different propositions. I saw it was starvation or real work and so"—

"Being companion to a woman of her caliber is real work, eh?"

"She is really very kind at heart, and Mr. Maguire is just lovely to me."

At this juncture Mr. Maguire was shaken with a violent coughing spell.

"Emily," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire sharply, "where's the cough medicine?"

But Emily Hunt was already digging into her employer's bag.

Deftly she poured the medicine and turned to bring a glass of water. Marston was at her heels, his own drinking cup filled to the brim.

"Thanks. Mr. Maguire took such a dreadful cold while we were at Groton lodge."

The invalid was recovering from the paroxysm and there was nothing for Emily to do but introduce David to her employers.

Mr. Maguire extended a trembling hand, Mrs. Maguire raised her lorgnon.

"From Chicago? In pork, I suppose?"

David's eyes twinkled even as Emily Hunt's cheeks colored.

"No, not exactly—in the law for pork men."

Emily bit her lips and, returning to her chair, stared hard at the flying scenery.

"Forgive me, Emily, but I simply had to do it. She is impossible."

"But you are in the law"—

"And for men in pork. I am going to Europe on my first big commission."

"I am so glad you have found success," said Emily in a calm voice, though her heart beat suffocatingly. She might have helped him to find it, but now he was going to Europe for a mighty corporation, and she was a companion, the most despised and inadequately paid personage in the Maguire retinue.

"Emily, ring for the porter and order clam broth for us all from the buffet car."

"I don't care for any, if you will excuse me, Mrs. Maguire. I'll order for two."

"Nonsense!" said the domineering Mrs. Maguire. "A cup of hot broth will do you good. You're looking a bit white this afternoon, and we can't afford to have you sick on our hands now, with Maguire on the edge of pneumonia."

The piercing tones ran the length of the car, and there was smothered laughter up and down the lines. With crimson cheeks, Emily touched the button, but when the waiter arrived it was Marston who took the matter in hand and ordered a dainty luncheon.

Mrs. Maguire admitted that for a man "in pork" he knew how to order. It annoyed her that she could not communicate this discovery to her husband. Later she said something of the sort to Emily, who had brought Mr. Maguire an evening paper picked up at Poughkeepsie.

Emily did not seem to hear the patronizing remark of her employer. Her mind had leaped forward to that moment when the train should pull into the Grand Central depot. Then she and the Maguires would enter the carriage held in waiting by liveried servants, and Marston would go his self made independent way. When she returned to her chair, the dull foggy dusk was settling down on the river. Pretty soon on the broad six track way trains loaded with suburbanites would be shooting past them, suburbanites going home to cottages and firesides all their own, where women who had never dreamed of artistic careers waited for them.

The porter received Mrs. Maguire's curt comment on poor gas with abject apologies.

"Suthin's sure wrong, but we can't locate the trouble, but we'll soon be in town," he said and hurried on. He knew the Maguire type.

Emily started. Marston's hand was on her arm, not gently or as a reminder that he deserved her attention, but in a masterly, determined clasp.

"Emily, do you think for one minute I am going abroad and leave you with that—that sort of woman? I've got to sail in the morning. There is not much time, but you can get frills and frocks in Paris, and when we come home, if visiting art centers abroad has roused your ambitions once more, I'll have you study with the best"—

"I don't want to study; I have no ambitions; I just want"—

Marston bent very close to catch the last word—"you."

"Emily, get a rug for Mr. Maguire," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire so sharply that the dozing passengers all woke up. Then as the girl leaned over to pick up the fallen rug Mrs. Maguire whispered harshly:

"I guess you forget where you are!"

"No," replied Emily happily. "I've only just found out where I belong. Mr. Marston and I are going to be married tonight and sail for London in the morning."

Mrs. Maguire gave vent to an exclamation that roused her husband to frightened wonder and made several men in the farther end of the car laugh aloud.

The little bride in chair 11 leaned over and touched her husband's hand.

"Billy, dear, I believe there's a little story going on right under our noses."

Her husband patted her hand tenderly under cover of the friendly dusk.

"Wouldn't be surprised, sweetheart, and all I've got to say is I hope that the young man is the sort who will not consign 'Emily' to a drafty seat."

"I hope he is just as dear and good as you are."

And down in the front of the car Marston and Emily Hunt sat gazing out into the night, too happy for words.

Origin of Kleptomania.

Kleptomania is occasionally induced by continued and close application to the study of a particular subject. A singular case was recently reported from Germany. A well known professor was found to have transferred to his own private collection many of the valuable butterflies of which he had charge in his official capacity. The existence of mental derangement was clear from the facts that came out in the course of the investigation afterward made by the museum authorities. It was found that the professor had often sent his wife out all day to catch butterflies, so intense was his passion for these insects. On one occasion the professor, while hunting a butterfly, was nearly run over by an express train. At another time he fell into a river, and once both he and his wife fell into a pond.—Manchester Guardian.

Cut Out by Water.

"The popular idea that earthquakes and volcanic explosions played a part in forming the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river," says Professor A. R. Crook, "is without foundation. It was cut out entirely by the water of the river, and the most effective tool employed was the quarts sand brought down from the sources of the river in the mountains. This sand is harder than any of the constituents of the rock strata in which the canyon has been carved. Hurled by the swift water against the sides and the bed of the stream, it cuts the rock as easily as a file cuts soft iron."

Inaccuracy is the twin brother of [illegible]

THE TONSILS.

It Is Not Known What Purpose These Structures Serve.

The tonsils are two collections of glandlike structures at the back part of the mouth, one on each side, between the pillars of the palate. It is not known what purpose they serve. Some have supposed that they arrest the germs of disease which may be inhaled or taken in with the food, but they evidently can catch very few of the germs which rapidly pass them in the food or water or in the air which is inhaled, and it is well they cannot, for they are themselves very susceptible to disease, as some sufferers know to their sorrow. Others have thought they serve an evil purpose, acting as portals of entry for many disease germs into the body.

The tonsils are very liable to become inflamed. This condition constitutes tonsilitis, or, when an abscess forms, quinsy. Young persons, over fifteen and under thirty, are most subject to inflammation of the tonsils, although children and even those well along in life may suffer. It occurs with special frequency in those whose tonsils are enlarged and usually in persons who are "run down" in general health or in whom the power of resistance has been lowered as a result of worry or overexertion.

The extra study in preparing for a difficult examination in school or college and the anxiety concerning the result not uncommonly bring on an attack of quinsy, especially in those of a so called rheumatic tendency.

There are various kinds of tonsilitis, but the symptoms of all are quite similar in the beginning. The patient feels ill, has chilly sensations, loss of appetite, more or less headache perhaps, constipation, feverishness and a feeling of discomfort or actual pain in the throat. Soon the fever becomes high, the throat is dry, swallowing is painful, there is often more or less earache, and the patient seems seriously ill.

Suppuration may or may not occur. The pain and throbbing are most severe when it does.

The attack lasts usually from two or three days to a week and is apt to terminate quite suddenly, although if but one tonsil has been affected recovery may be delayed by an extension of the inflammation to the other tonsil. In that case the whole tiresome process must be gone through with again.

The disease is almost always serious enough to require the physician's care; for the treatment calls for internal remedies as well as local applications. Whatever else is done, the bowels should be kept open from the beginning of the attack.—Youth's Companion.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A just complaint is an accommodation.

Talk happiness. People get tired of hearing of your woes.

The things you don't say cause you less grief in this life than almost anything else.

Ever think how foolish it is to bear a grudge? Unkind feelings have no market value.

If you spend your time in growling about an imaginary wrong, you are apt to neglect your own shortcomings.

Every child is doomed to disappointment. All children imagine that as soon as they are twenty-one they will "do as they please."

State your views on any subject, and if your listener says he hasn't made up his mind it means he disagrees with you and hates to say so.—Atchison Globe.

An Expensive Short Cut.

It will certainly be news to most people, says the London Globe, that New York is a short cut for telegrams between London and Paris and between London and Berlin. However, the fact is vouched for. The messages are received at an agreed address in New York and are immediately passed on for London, Paris or Berlin, as the case may be. The reason for this amazing roundabout to save time is curious. New York time being about six hours behind European time, its wire connections with Europe are almost unoccupied during the London forenoon, while during the same time European wires are often congested. Via New York, therefore, is a "short cut," but an expensive one.

The Watch Habit.

"Ain't it funny how little a man seems to use a watch and yet how he misses one if he hasn't got it with him?" said a man on the street car yesterday who had forgotten his. "I don't suppose I really need my watch more than three or four times a day," he said. "There's always plenty of clocks in sight, but I must look at my watch dozens of times without knowing that I do it. I haven't been gone from home now more than twenty minutes, and I feel as if I had left off my collar, and yet I know within a few minutes of what time it is."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preparing For It.

"Hello, Stinjay!" cried Knox. "Looking for anybody?"

"Why, yes," replied Stinjay. "Wiseman was to meet me here at 6 o'clock to go home to dinner with me, and it's 6 now."

"Oh, he'll be along! I just saw him finishing a porterhouse steak in that restaurant down the street."—Philadelphia Press.

The Latest Straw.

"John," said the woman with nine chapeaux, "I got another new hat today."

"My dear," expostulated her husband, "that is the last straw."

"I know it," she said; "just from Paris."—Life.

Coughs and colds contracted this season of the year should have immediate attention. Bees laxative cough syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequalled for horseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport Pa. C. A. Anderson Colegrove Pa.

FLY FISHING.

The Expert Angler Explains Why It Is a Humane Sport.

"Well," said Chichester, "if it comes to suffering I doubt whether the fish are conscious of any such thing as we mean by it. But even if they are they suffer twice as much and a thousand times as long shut up in this hot, nasty pod as they would in being caught in proper style."

"But think of the hook!"

"Hurts about as much as a pin prick."

"But think of the fearful struggle and the long, gasping agony on the shore!"

"There's no fear in the struggle. It's just a trial of strength and skill, like a game of football. A fish isn't afraid of death; he doesn't know anything about it. And there is no gasping on the shore, but a quick rap on the head with a stick, and it's all over."

"But why should he be killed at all?"

"Well," said he, snuffing, "there are reasons of taste. You eat salmon, don't you?"

"Yes-es," she answered a little doubtfully, then with more assurance "but remember what Wilbur Short says in that lonely chapter on 'Communion With the Catfish'—I want them brought to the table in the simplest and most painless way."

"And that is angling with the fly," said he, still more decidedly. "The fly is not swallowed like a bait. It sticks in the skin of the lip, where there is least feeling. There is no torture in the play of a salmon. It's just a fair fight with an unknown opponent. Compare it with the other ways of bringing a fish to the table. If he's caught in a net, he hangs there for hours, slowly strangled. If he's speared, half the time the spear slips, and he struggles off badly wounded, and if the spear goes through him he is flung out on the bank to bleed to death. Even if he escapes he is sure to come to a pitiful end some day—perish by starvation when he gets too old to catch his food or be torn to pieces by a seal, an otter or a fish-hawk. Fly fishing really offers him"—

"Never mind that," said Ethel. "What does it offer you?"

"A gentleman's sport, I suppose," he answered rather slowly.—Henry van Dyke in Scribner's.

HE DID SLEEP.

The Result of Taking Peanuts and Milk For Insomnia.

Yesterday a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure, says Good Health Clinic. "Eat a plat of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able this morning to recall the details. First let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the well and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station. "We passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the center pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above.

Then I awoke and found that I had been asleep almost ten minutes.

Smoke Bad Tempers Away.

"Bad weather and bad tempers do our business good," said a tobacconist. "What other business can you say that of? You see, the more dismal the weather is the more men seek the solace of tobacco. In consequence the more money falls into the tobacconist's till. Bad tempered men are always the cigar dealer's best customers. The ill natured man not only flies to his pipe or weed oftener than others, but he smokes twice as rapidly as his placid, mild tempered brother."—New York Press.

Fishing Line Worth $2,000.

"A fishing line worth $2,000?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't believe it."

"It's the truth. It's a codfish line. It's one of those lines to which you owe your Sunday morning codfish balls and your less appetizing but equally helpful cod liver oil. These codfish lines, you see, are frequently eight miles long. They have 4,680 hooks. They'll often land 2,500 cod. No wonder they cost $2,000, eh?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

One View of It.

"I won't marry him, mother, even if he is a count. All he wants me for is my money, and he's a big fool!"

"Hush, my dear. He'd be a bigger fool to want you without a cent!"—Washington Herald.

A Serious Matter.

American (being polite)—Every time I see Punch I have to laugh. Englishman (offended)—I see nothing to laugh at in Punch.—New York Times.

Hope in the Lord, but exert yourself.—Russian Proverb.

Hurried meals, lack of exercise are the main cause of dyspepsia. A Ringe Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal aids digestion, improves the appetite. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, Pa.; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Nice hand picked apples at store of D. C. Young, 75c bushel.

The Man Who Works

every day, out in the cold, rough weather—fine, snowy, blowy, rainy, can get protection that protects him against the blasts and sting of winter weather.

Winter is not a supposition, although late in coming, will be here and may stay late.

All we want to do is to impress on your mind for future reference that we have Lambs' Wool Coats, —Fur Gloves, outside and inside—and all the clothing that the outdoor man is liable to want.

Not forgetting that the man who works inside needs work clothes too—that we have.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

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Rooney's is the Place

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Fresh, salt or Smoked

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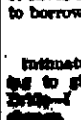
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.



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All fall and winter goods sold for cost for the next thirty days at D. C. Young's store.

For suit cases and traveling bags, the best at reasonable prices, go to

CHARLES LEMMLER.

Shingling a House.

And I looked and beheld seven carpenters shingling a house. They were hauling up bundles of shingles that had been lying in the rain for two days and nailing them on one by one. In a few days the shingling will be done. Then the painter will come along with his ladders and brushes and stains, and $300 will be spent by the owner of the cottage to have it thoroughly dabbed. And in a little while the sun will shine, and all the shingles will buckle, some up, some down, until the cottage will resemble a frizzled chicken. And there will be leaks and cursings and lamentations. Now, brethren, why not be sensible in these small matters? Painters are not needed at all in a case of this kind. Keep your shingles dry; buy a few barrels of stain; soak the shingles in the stain and throw them on the grass to dry; then nail them to the clapboards. They will never buckle, they will never leak, and you have saved $300.—New York Press.

Looking For Trouble.

It generally depends on the way you look at things in this world whether or not you are going to have any heaven. If you go around brooding all the time and looking for trouble you'll get it.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

A Financial Coup.

"You don't mean to say that you loaned Stickles your umbrella?"

"Yes. And it was economy to do it. It saves me the 25 cents a day he used to borrow."

Family Secrets.

Intimate Friend—Is your father going to give you away? Prospective Bride—I would like to see him!—Exchange.

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